



chick peas and curry and rice, oh my.



Chaz

 [cvillette](#)

<https://cvillette.livejournal.com/>

2007-10-27 12:26:00

MOOD: 🤪 geeky

MUSIC: Tom Waits - 'T'aint No Sin

That was lunch at the \$10 all-you-can-eat weekend lunch buffet

([https://www.livejournal.com/away?](https://www.livejournal.com/away?to=http%3A//www.fitday.com/webfit/publicjournals.html%3FOwner%3Dcvillette%26Year%3D2007%26Month%3D9%26Day%3D27)

[to=http%3A//www.fitday.com/webfit/publicjournals.html%3FOwner%3Dcvillette%26Year%3D2007%26Month%3D9%26Day%3D27](https://www.fitday.com/webfit/publicjournals.html%3FOwner%3Dcvillette%26Year%3D2007%26Month%3D9%26Day%3D27))

at the Indian place on North Highland. Yum. I try to space my visits out, mind you, and tip heavily: I'd like them to stay in business.

And I was good and only had one kind of animal protein, though the tandoori chicken smelled *amazing*. (Oh, if only Vegas has a single passable Indian restaurant.)

It boggles me that Fitday has a mad assortment of Puerto Rican foods entered, and almost no Indian. I mean, is chana pindi too much to ask for when they have chick peas stewed with goat's feet as an option? Also, that pita isn't pita. It's naan.

OMG. Naan.



[locked] Dream Journal

All right, unconscious mind. We're coming to an accommodation. If the dreams are you cleaning house, putting

Elvis doesn't live here anymore.

Hey there. Sorry about the drama. It was... it was an emotional decision, and I didn't handle it well. So yeah, I'm sorry.

Poppets. Puppets. Poppet puppets.
Scary.

10 comments



 [trollcatz](#)

October 28 2007, 03:24:02 UTC COLLAPSE

Um, Platypus? You know yesterday's activity list? I just noticed--piano?



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October 28 2007, 11:18:05 UTC COLLAPSE

Mrs. Ng is getting a piano for Jeff and Brandon. There was a used one on Craig's List for haul-it-away just down the block, and she wanted my opinion, so I went and banged on it a little. It's horribly out of tune, but not a bad little upright, if we can move it without breaking it. It's going to be ropes and pulleys up the front of the building, though, and I think she needs professionals

for that. I think there's cast iron in this sucker.

Apparently, working for the gummint means I know everything about everything.




 [trollcatz](#)

[October 28 2007, 14:12:46 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Apparently, you *do*. You play freakin' *piano*? (Or is correct diction, "You freakin' play piano?")

I can play the radio...




 [cvillette](#)

[October 29 2007, 00:49:33 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Really, I just noodle. My mom taught me a little, but I haven't kept up.




 [Ometotchtli](#)

[October 28 2007, 03:24:52 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Garlic naan. Snarf.



 [cvillette](#)

[October 28 2007, 11:18:25 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Next Saturday, if we're both in town?




 [Ometotchtli](#)

[October 28 2007, 14:14:08 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Both of us at once? I thot you wanted em to stay in bizness?

I guess just this once...




 [cvillette](#)

[October 29 2007, 00:49:55 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

samooooooooos.



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[October 29 2007, 00:53:09 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

AAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHH!

Is it Saturday yet?



 [cvillette](#)

[October 29 2007, 00:56:43 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

No.

We must suffer to earn our potato-stuffed redemption.

[locked] Dream Journal

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